My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou replyest:
Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iuli. Heres such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds neast soone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. A men, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one short minute gi
Do thou but close our h
Then loue-deuouring d
It is inough I may but ca
Fri. These violent del
And in their triumph die
Which as they kisse cons
Is loathsome in his owne
And in the taste confou
Therefore loue moderat
Too swift arriues as tard

E

Here comes the Lady, C
VVill nere weare out th
A louer may bestride the
That ydles in the wanto
And yet not fall, so light
Iu. Good euen to m
Fri. Romeo shall thank
Iu. As much to him, e
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the m
Be heapt like mine, and
To blason it, then sweet
This neighbour ayre, an
Vnfold the imagin'd ha
Receiue in either, by this
Iu. Conceit more rich
Brags of his substance,
They are but beggers th
But my true loue is grow
I cannot sum vp sum of
Fri. Come, come wit
For by your leaues, you
Till holy Church incor

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.